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JOHN T. PEARCE, Editor and Manager.

The Bee.

AT NEWTOWN, FAIRFIELD COUNTY, CONN. A. A. Bensel, --- Pub'r and Prop'r. J.T. Pearce, -- Editor and Man'r. Subscription Price, \$1.00 A Year.

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ion with trains for Danbury.

Geing South, 7,45 and 11,40 a, m., 5,55 and 7,25

m. Sunday Train, 7,45 p. m.

Frains Leave Hawleyelle Going North, 10, 57a.

1,1,20,1,25,5,44 and 7,40 p. m., 10,37 a, m.,

10,47 a, m. trains counset at Brookfield Junc-

and 5.44 p. m. trains counsect at Brookfield Junction with trains for Danbury.

Going South, 7.33 and 11.30 s. m., 4.45 and 7.65 p. m. Sunday Milk Train, 7.30 p m

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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS, con December 3, 1877.
Connecting Praise Lease Nucleon at 10,47 a. m. lonnect at flawicyville at 11,10 a. m. Arrive at itchfield 2,15 p. m. Connect at Hawleyville at 11.10 s. m. Arrive at Litchfield 2.15 p. m. Startedays an additional Connection is made with Train passing Newtown at 7.25 p m., with Train arriving at Litchfield at 10.00 p. m. Leave Litchfield at 3.00 p m, arriving at Hawleyville at 5.15 p. m. Connect for Newtown at 7.05 p. m.

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POETRY.

A BACHELOR'S CROWL.

I'm a grumpy old bachelor, Grizzly and gray : I am seven-and-forty, If I am a day. I am fussy and crusty, And day as a bone :

So ladies, good ladie Just let me alone, Go shake our your ringlets, Go tinkle your trinkets,

And show off your wiles; Bowitch and bewilder

But pray-pray remember, I'm frozen to blushes : I'm proof against eyes :

I'm hardened to simpers, I'm stony to sighs; I'm tough to each dart That young Cupid can lance

I am not in the market At may advance, I sew my own buttons. I daru my own hose ; I keep my own counsel,

And fold my own clothes. I mind my own business, And live my own life : I won't-no, the dickens-

Be plagued with a wrie! And yet there's nine spinsters Who believe me their fate; There's two dozen widows Who'd change their estate There's silly young maidens Who blush at my bow.

Alt- all bent on marrying me, No matter how ! I walk forth in trembling. I come home in dread ; I don't fear my heart, But I do test my head! My civilest speech

Is a growl and a nod ;

And that heaven save me !-Is "charmingly ond!" So ladies, dear ladies, Just hear me, I pray ; I wreak to you ad-

In the pinralest way ; My fogic is simple As logic exu be -

If I don't marry you, Pray, don't marry me!

Selected Stories

The Flooded Gulch. A ROMANCE OF THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

I warn't never meant for no sailor, I warn't, but I came of a great nation, and when a chap out our way says he'il du a thing he does it. I said i'd go to sea, and I went-and that you are, I said I'd drop hunting and take to mining and thar I was; and that's how it come

You see, we was rather rough out our way, where Hez Lane and me went with our bit of tent and pickers, shootingfrons and sech like, meaning to make a nile of gold. We went to Washoe, and didn't get on; and then went to Fort Laramie, and didn't get on there. Last we went right up into the mountain, picking our way amongst the stones, for Hez sez, "Look here, ole hoss, let's get whar no one's been afore. If we get what the boys are at work alrealy, the'vetook the cream, we get the skim milk. Let's you and me get the cream, and let some o' the others take the skine milk."

"Good for you,' I says; and we tramped on day after day, till we got right up in the heart o' the mountains where no one hadn't been afore, and it was still and quiet, as it made you quite deaf.

"This'll do, Dab," says Hez, as we This'll do, Dab; that's yaller gold span. gling them sands, and running in veins past, through them rocks and yaller gold in the pockets of the rock.

"Then let's call it Yaller Gulch," I

"Done, old hoss !" says Hez; and Yaller Gulch it is. We set to work maxt day washing in the bit of a stream and shook hands on

our good luck. "This il do," says Hez, "We shall make a pile here. No one will dream of hunting this out,"

"Say, stranger !" said a voice that made us both jump. "Do it wash well?" And if there warn't a long, lean, ugly chap looking down at us, as he stood holding a mule by the bridle.

Why afore a week was over, so far from us keeping it soug, I reckon there was fifty people in Yaller Guich, washing away, and making their piles Afore another week was over some one had set up a store, and next day there was gambling saloon. Keep it to ourselves!

Why, stranger, I reckon if there was one speck of gold anywhere within 500 miles our chap's would sniff it out like vultures, and be down upon it.

It warn't no use to grumble, and we kept what we thought to ourselves, working away and making our ounces the best we could. One day I proposed we should go up higher in the mountains; but Hez said he'd be darned if he'd go and next day if he'd wanted me to go, should have told him I'd be darned if I'd move; and all at once, from being rednot chums, as would done anything for one another, Hez and me got to be mortal enemies.

Now, look here, stranger. Did you ever keep chickens? P'r'aps not; but if you ever do, just you notice this. You've got, say, a dozen young cocks pecking about, and as happy as can besmart and lively, an' innercent as chickens should be. Now, just you go drop a pretty young pullett in among 'em, and see if there won't be a row. Why, afore night there'll be combs bleeding, eyes knocked out, leathers torn and raggeda reg'lar pepper-bex and bowie set-to, and 'acause of that little smooth brown nuilet, that looks on so quiet and gentle, as if wondering who made the row. Now that's what was the matter with us; for who should come into the Gu ch some day, but an old store-keeper sort of a feilow, with as pretty a daughter as ever stepped, and from that moment it was all over between ficz and me.

He'd got away with him, you see, as I hadn't, and they always made him welkim at that thar store, when it was only "liow do you do ?" and "Good morning," to me. I don't know what love is, stranger; but if Jael Barn had told me to go and cut one of my hands off to pleace her, I'd ha' done it. I'd ha done it. I'd ba' gone through fire and water for her, God bless her ! and if she'd fied one of her long, yailer kairs round my neck, she might have led me about like a bear, rough as I am.

But it wouldn't do. I soon see which way the wind blew. She was the only woman in camp, and could have the pick, and she picked Hez.

I was 'bout startin' mad first time I met them two together-she hanging on | ger. his arm, and looking up to his face, to ... shipping him, a great, big, strong he; and as soon as they war got by I swore a big onth as Hez should never have her, and I plugged my six-shooter, gave my bowie a whetting, and lay in wait for him coming back.

"Now, Hez," I says, "how about your daring now? You'll cut in afore a better man agm, will yer?".

"Yes, if I live! ' he says, stout like, so as I couldn't help liking the grit lie showed. "That's right," he says; "pitch me over, and then go and tell little Jael what you've done. She'll be fine and proud of yer then, Abinadab Scales !"

He said that as I'd got been imaging over the rocks, and he looked me full in the face, full of grit, though | he was helpless as a baby; but I didn't see his face then, for what I seen was the face of Jael, wild and passionate like, asking me what I'd done with her love, and my heart swelled so that I gave a sob like a woman, as I swung Hez round into safety, and taking his place like, "Shove me over," I says, "and put me out or my misery.'

Then he held out his fist, but I couldn't take it, but turning off, I ran hard down among the rocks till I dropped, bruised. and bleeding, and didn't go back to my teut that night.

I got a bit wilder after that. Hez and Jael were spliced up, and 1 allus kept yourself," away. When I wanted an ounce or two put up our bit of a tent on a pleasant of gold I worked, and when I'd got it green shelf in the steep valley place. I used to drink—drink, because I wanted to drown all recollections of the

> Hez used to come to me, but I warned him off. Last time he come across me and tried to make friends, "Hez," I says "keep away, I'm desprit like, and I won't say I shan't plug yer !"

Then Jael came, and she began to talk to me about forgiving him; but it only made me more mad nor ever, and so I went and pitched at the lower end of the Gulch, and they lived a tother.

Times and times I've felt as if I'd go and plug Hez on the quiet, but I never did, though I got to hate him more and more, and never half so much as I old two years arter, when I came upon him one day sudden, with his wife Jacklooking pooter than ever, with a little whitehaired squealer on her arm. An' it ailed me above a bit to see him so smiling and happy, and me turned into a blood shot, drinking, raving savage, that half the Gulch was feared on, and to ther built daren't face.

I had been drinking hard-flery Bour-

bon, you bet!-for about a week, when early one morning as I lay in my ragged bit of a tent, I woke up sudden like, to a rooring noise like thunder; then there came a whirl and a rush and I was swimming for life, half choked with the water that had carried me off. Now it was hitting my head, playful like, agen the hardest corners of the rock it could find in the Gulch; then it was bitting me in the back, or pounding me in the front, with trunks of trees swept down from the mountains, for something had burst-a lake or something high upand in about a wink the bull settlement in Yafler Gulch was swept away.

"Well," I says, getting hold of a branch and drawing myself out. "some on 'em wanted a good wash, this'll give it 'em;" for you see water had been skeerce lately, and what there was had all been used for cleaning the gold.

I sot on a bit o' rock, wringing that water out of my hair-leastwise, no; it was some one else like who sot there, chaps I knowed, you see; and there was the water rushing down thirty or forty feet deep, with every thing swept before it--mules, and tents, and shanties, and stores, and dead bodies by the dozen. "Unlucky for them," I says; and just

then I hear a wild sorter shrick, and looking down, I see a chap half-swimming, half swept along by the torrent, trying hard to get at a tree that stood l'other side. "Why, it's you, is it, Hez?" I says to myself, as I looked at his wild eyes and

strained face, on which the sun shone full, "You're a gone coon, Hez, lad; so you may as well fold your arms, say amen, and go down like a man. How I could pot you now, lad, if I'd got a shooting iron; put you out o' yer misery like. You'll drown, lad." He made a dash, and tried for a branch

hanging down, but missed it and got swept against the rocks, when he shoved his arm between two big bits; but the water gave him a wrench, the bone went crack, and as I sat still there I saw him sweep down lower and lower till be clutched a bush with his left hand, and hung on like grim death to a dead nig-

"Sarve you right,"I says coolly," Why shouldn't you die like the rest? If Pd had any go in me I should have plugged yer long ago,"

"Praffor! I cried then, giving a start. "It ain t- tis-tarnation! it can't be!" But it was There, on t'other side, fifty yard

lower down, on a bit of a shelf of earth. that kept crumbling away as the water washed it, was Jael kneeling down with her young un; and as I looked, something seemed to give my heart a jigg.just as it some coon had pulled a string. "Well, he's 'bout gone," I says; "and they can't nold bout three minutes; then

take old Hez his last babby to nuss, cuss em! I'm safe enough. What's it got to do with me? I shan t move." I took out my wet cake of 'bucca, and whittle i off a bit, shoved it in my check, shut my knife with a click, and sot thar watchin' of 'em-father, and mother and bairn .

"You've been happy, you have," says out loud; not as they could hear it, for the noise of the waters. "Now you'll be sorry for other people, Drown, darn yer! stock, and lock, and barrel; I'm safe."

"Say, Dab," I says to myself, "don't you be a fool. You hate that lot like pison, you do. Don't you go and drown

I was 'bout mad, you know, and couldn't do as I liked; for, if I didn't begin to rip off my things, wes and hanging to me. Cuss me ! how they did suck ! but I cleared half on 'em off, and then, like a mad fool, I made a run and a jump, and was fighting hard with the water to get across to Hez's wife and child. It was a bit of a fight. Down I went

and up I went, and the water twisted me like a leaf; but I got out of the roar and thunder on to the bit of shelf where Jael knelt when, if the silly thing didn't begin to hold up to me her child, and her lips, poor darling, said, dumbly, "Save it! oh, save it !" In the midst of that rush and roar, as

with her yeller hair clinging round her, all my love for her comes back, and I swore a big outh I d save her for myself I tore her dress into ribbons, for there warn't a moment to loge, and I bound that bairs somehow to my shoulders, she watching me the while; and then, with my heart beating madly, I caught her in

my arms, she clinging tightly to me in her fear, and I stood up, thinking how I

I saw that poor gal, waite, horrified, and

could get back, and made ready to leap. The flood didn't wait for me though. In a moment there was a quiver of the bank, and it went from beneath my feet. leaving me wrestling with the waters once more. I don't know how I did it, only that after a fight, and being half smothered, I found myself crawling up the side of the Glutch, ever so low down and dragging Jael into a safe place with her bairn.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 A Year

She fell down afore me, hugged my legs and kissed my feet; and then she started up and began staring up and down, ending by seeing just above us old Hez, clinging there still, with hig, sound arm rammed into the slush, and his body swept out by the fierce stream. The next moment she had seized me

by the arm, and was pointing at him, and she gave a wild kind of a shrick. He's a gone coon, my gal," I says, though she couldn't hear me, and I was gloating over her beautiful white face and soft, clear neck, as I thought that now she was mine-all mine. I'd saved her out of the flood, and there was no

Hez to stand in our way. "Save him -- save him !" she shricked in my ear.

What, Hez? Save Hez to come between us once more? Save her husband -the man I hated and would gladly see die! On, f'couldn't do it, and my looks showed it, she reading me like a book the while. No, he might drown-he was drowned-must be. No; just then he moved. But nonsense! I wasn't going to risk my life for his, and cut my own throat as to the futur'.

She went down on her knees to me, though, pointing again to where Hez still floated; and the old feeling of love for her was stronger on me than ever. "You're asking me to die for you,

Jaci!" I shouted in her ear.
"Save him -- save Hez!" she shrieked. "Yes, save him," I grouned to myself. Bring him back to the happiness that might be mine. But she loves him--she loves him, and I must."

I gave one look at her-as I thought my last-and I couldn't help it. It she had asked me dumbly, as she did, to do something ten dimes as wild, I should have done it; and with a run I got well up above tlez afore I jumped in once more, to have the same waters, till I was swept down to the bush where he was.

I got my knife in my sheath to cut the bush away and let him free; but as I was swept against it the weight tore ic away, and Hez and I went down the stream together, him so done up that he lay helpicss on the water.

Sometaing seemed to tell me to fulsh him off. A minute under water would have done it; but Jael's face was before me, and at last I got to the other side. with her climbing along beside us; and if it hadn't been for the hand she stretch. they'll all drown together, and she can ed down to me I should never have crawled out with her old Hez-I was As I dropped down, panting on the

> reck, Jacl came to my side, leaned over me and kissed me, and turned away ; for the next moment she was trying mare to bring her husband to, and I was beginning to feel once more that I was a fool. I sin't much more to tell, only that the flood went down 'most as quick as it had

> come up; and Hez got all right again with his broken arm, and did well. They wanted muchly to be friends, but I kep' away. I felt as if I'd been a fool to save him, and I was kinder 'shamed like of it, so I took off to 'Frisco, where, after chumming about, I took to going to Pauama and back, and the sea seemed to sais me like, and there I stuck to it. And there I seem to stick yet.

How Lickshingle Preserved His Umbrell.

'Len' me your umbrella a minnit !" Such was the exclamation of Jones as he rushed into the office of Squire Lickshingle yesterday. 'Certainly, certainly,' said the Squire

laying down his newspaper, and taking a fresh chew of fine cut; 'glad to accommodate you.' And he opened a drawer in his desk, and began rummaging through his legal

forms and blanks. Jones duried into the corner, seized the green gingham telle, and was preparing fly with it.

Stop, stop, stop !' said the squire, raising his hand majestically; not too fast oung man. Wait till I make out the десеssary papera."

Jones dropped the umbrella. On his corn, of course. After pumping his lame foot up and down, and tying a hard knot in his countenance, and undoing it again he achoed-

(Continued on fearth page,)